

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SUPPER CLUB THE SWIFTEST ON EARTH.

Where the Fast Royal Set Are to
Make Merry Early Sunday
Mornings and Wake Sleepy
Old London Up.



TIME—4:15 A.M.
The Prince—
"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you
a toast—"

LONDON, Oct. 15.—The Prince of Wales has just started the swiftest and swellest club that London has ever known. All society throughout the British Kingdom is now talking about this new organization, and when the doors are thrown open early next month it will, it is believed, mark a new epoch in social England.

The new club is called simply "The Supper Club." It is for men and their women friends. It will be an institution of no interest whatever up to 12 o'clock midnight. But after that hour the meetings of the club, which are to take place in the fashionable Grafton Galleries in the very heart of the West End, on Sunday mornings, will be a scene of fashionable revelry, lasting until dawn. The Supper Club is to be a sort of aristocratic all night club, where dancing will be indulged in.

The Prince of Wales said that the time had arrived when some life and energy was to be infused into social London, which, at the present time, closes its doors half an hour after midnight. At half-past twelve in London, at the present time, everything shuts up. It is then impossible

five male members. These gentlemen, bringing ladies on their arms, will all turn out at the regular weekly gatherings of the club on Saturday nights, so that there will be over four hundred people prepared to enjoy themselves when the ball starts rolling early on Sunday morning. This large number will divert the club of any claim to being private. It will be more or less public, so that ladies who go there will be seen and known.

Right here comes in one of the most curious features about this organization. As at present contemplated, the club will meet only on Saturday nights. The fun will start there at midnight; on Saturday nights. Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley is the Secretary of the new organization, and I asked him why Saturday night had been selected for the meetings of the Supper Club. He replied that on that night the bars and restaurants of London close up unusually early, shutting their doors at midnight, and that it was impossible to get anything to drink after 12 o'clock. From this it will be seen at once that the revels of the Supper Club are to be held on Sunday.

It is interesting to look over the names of those who are launching the Prince of Wales's latest pet. A circular marked "private and confidential" has been quietly circulated during the past few days among the friends of members of the Marlborough Club, describing in vague terms the purposes of the Supper Club and intimating that the names of a limited number of gentlemen whose qualifications are not stated will be considered for membership. The circular bears several names not unknown in the United States. One of the foremost young swells, whose name is appended to this document, and who is an intimate chum of His Royal Highness, is brother-in-law to a New York girl. This is the Earl of Ava, eldest son

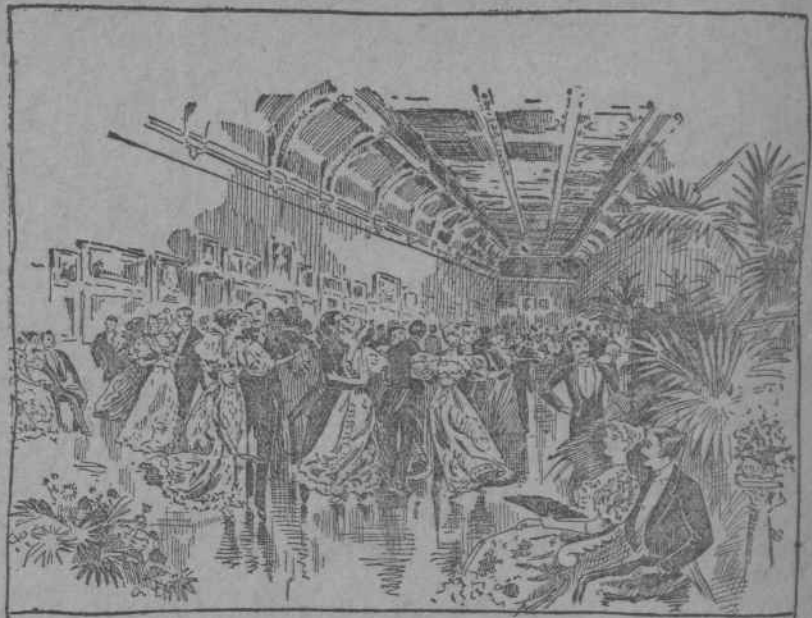
the wealthiest and most fashionable men in London. He is one of the closest chums of the Prince of Wales, and his wife is a remarkably handsome woman and a brilliant entertainer.

The other members of the committee are all well known in fashionable circles. They include Colonel Douglas Dawson and Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley, both of whom have extensive and influential family connections and are dashing members of the Prince of Wales's set. Mr. Wortley is the secretary of the club.

So hypocritical are the London newspapers that the only one of them which has thus far made any reference to the Supper Club dismissed this feature of the institution by saying "There is some talk of dancing." Instead of there being "some talk of dancing," as this journal asserts, everybody in London society who is watching the Supper Club knows perfectly well that dancing is one of the first purposes of its organization and is indispensable to its existence. When I timidly asked Mr. Stuart Wortley if there had been any talk of dancing, he exclaimed: "Why, of course, there will be dancing. We have hired a band. We are going to have thirty or forty men in the Grafton Galleries on Saturday afternoon when the club is ready to open, and they will take up the carpets and wax the floors."

The Supper Club will make the name of the Grafton Galleries known everywhere. These art galleries are in a little street called Grafton street, leading west from Bond street, with Dover street and Albemarle street close at hand. This is in the very centre of the fashionable West End.

In the Octagon Gallery the hosts of the evening will receive their guests. It is not stated who are to be the hosts at the Supper Club, but it is said to be not unlikely that His Royal Highness himself will



SUPPER CLUB BALL ROOM



SUPPER CLUB RECEPTION ROOM



At the Swell New "Supper Club" in the Fashionable Grafton Galleries, West End, London, Where the Prince and His Guests Will Have a Bird and a Bottle and a Dance and a Smoke in the Small Hours of Sunday Morning.

How Your Own Eyes Actually Deceive You.

BEFORE you is a number of simple and convincing proofs that things are not what they seem. When a man with normal eyesight but no scientific training looks at a simple black and white figure right in front of him

thus, taking the place of the sensitive plate. But here the resemblance ceases. In the case of the camera the intensity of the image increases with each moment of the exposure, whereas in the eye the reverse is the case—in other words, the retina becomes fatigued if an object be gazed at for any considerable length of time, and the brighter the object the sooner the fatigue will be noticed, more especially if it be placed side by side with a dark object. The whole range of phenomena known as color contrasts is due to this fact.

One of the most curious illusions is the error of judgment in estimating the relative heights of lines. If a vertical line be placed at right angles to another of exactly the same length, the upright line will always appear the longer.

It is a common amusement to ask any one to show on the wall the height at which the crown of a silk hat would reach when the hat is placed on the floor. You naturally imagine that the height of the hat must be at least equal to its breadth, and you invariably overestimate the height in consequence.

Another very common source of visual deception was discovered by Tönnies, who found that if parallel lines are crossed by another short row of lines inclined at an angle to the first series, the latter will appear to slant in the direction in which the short lines are falling. This is illustrated here. If you tilt up the edge of the paper the illusion is still better.

A square divided up by horizontal lines looks higher than one made up of vertical ones. Hence, if a short man wishes to appear tall he should wear horizontally striped clothes.

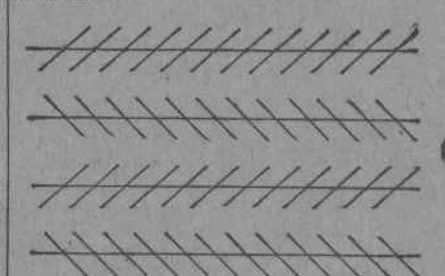
Again, if a line is bounded by two shorter parallel lines, it will appear shorter than if bounded by longer ones.

If vertical lines be drawn on a piece of

paper for a stranger to get a drink. Visitors from the Continent, and especially from Paris, where cafes and dance halls are kept going until daylight, are at once struck with the gloom which suddenly settles down on London at 12:30, the hour when, in the opinion of many ladies and gentlemen of a lively disposition, the real life of the city ought to begin. If you are a member of a West End club in London, you can go in about 1 o'clock in the morning and get a drink. But you cannot take a lady with you. In any event you will be put out on the street at 2 o'clock in the morning, when most of the West End clubs shut up.

The club, as at present contemplated, will have quite a large membership. The limit has not yet been fixed, but it will start off with at least two hundred members. The club and the paper be held nearly parallel to the line of vision so that the eye, as it were, skims the paper, the lines appear immensely fore-shortened. In this way writing which was otherwise quite illegible becomes perfectly plain. This is illustrated here by the words "The Sunday Journal," written in this way.

Take a number of straight lines slightly converging toward a common point. Hold the body in the manner described and they will look like pins sticking up in a pin-cushion.



THE LONG LINES ARE REALLY PARALLEL, THOUGH THEY DO NOT LOOK SO.

When we read type we imagine that we read the whole of the type—but that is not so; we only notice the upper half of each letter. You can easily prove this for yourself by covering up the upper half of the line with a sheet of paper (being careful

and held to the Marquis of Dufferin and brother of Lord Terence Blackwood, who in 1893 married Miss Flora Davis, daughter of Mr. John H. Davis, of No. 24 North Washington square, New York. Another of the promoters of this new organization, whose name is appended to the private circular, is Mr. Gerald Paget, closely related to Arthur Paget, son of Lord Alfred Paget, and who, in 1878, married the daughter of Mrs. Parson Stevens, of New York. Mr. Gerald Paget is one of the Marlborough House set.

The other members of the committee are the very swellest of the swell. One of them is Lord Coventry, who is master of the buckhounds in the royal household.

Perhaps the swell most actively interesting himself just now in this surprising new club is Sir Horace Farquhar, one of

to hold the paper exactly in the middle of the letters, and you will not, without great difficulty, decipher a single word. Now place the paper over the lower half of a line, and you can read it without the slightest difficulty.

It is curious in this connection to notice



LOOKED AT FROM ANY DIRECTION THE RIFLE STILL AIMS STRAIGHT AT YOU.

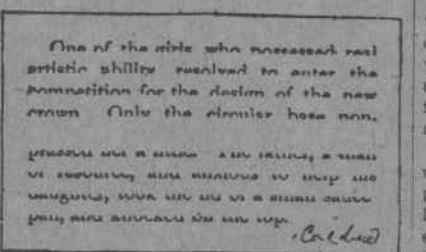
turn up in that capacity upon the first meeting. Beyond the Octagon Gallery comes the Central Gallery. This is a splendid room, sixty-three feet long and forty-three feet wide, and here the dancing is to be held. There are two more galleries beyond the ballroom where the dancers can rest during intervals, or stroll about, or indulge in flirtations.

The wine room is the one where the liveliest scenes are expected to be witnessed at the Sunday morning gatherings of the friends of the Prince of Wales. It is downstairs, under the ballroom, and is a room of the same size.

Champagne and cigarettes for the ladies will be freely indulged in, and the whole affair will be characterized by the utmost freedom and good-fellowship.

that the upper and lower halves of certain letters and figures appear the same size, and yet the lower halves are really much larger, as can readily be seen by inverting them.

It is a well-observed fact that the eyes of a full or three-quarter face portrait always appear to be gazing at one, no matter on which side of the figure one may be standing. This is due to the fact that the face is so painted as to look straight in front of the canvas, and as the pupil is usually drawn in the centre of the eye, it is ob-



THIS PROVES THAT WE READ ONLY THE TOPS OF LETTERS.

vious that wherever one may be standing the pupil will remain in that position, a condition which could only obtain in real life provided that the person turned his head round.

This peculiarity is very strikingly illustrated by the figure of the soldier with a rifle. Look in from any point of view and the rifle is still aimed straight at you,

Cuts Off Her Fingers For Her Religion.

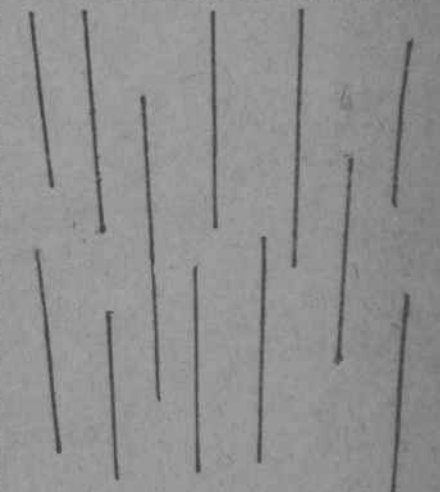
MRS. JOSEPH FALCK, a German woman living in a village near Los Angeles, Cal., is possessed with the idea that by self-torture and mutilation she can attain divinity and sanctification. She has cut some of the fingers from her hands, driven nails into her feet, and walked miles with the wounds still bleeding. Yet in the face of these acts a Lunacy Commission declares she is not insane.

Mrs. Falck has always been intensely religious, but it is only lately that she has taken to mutilation as a means of salvation. Her first act was to cut off the little finger of her left hand with a carving knife and hammer. She claims that the butchery caused no pain. After this she chopped off the little finger and index finger of her right hand, and now she has commenced to pierce her feet and hands with nails in imitation of the wounds of the crucified Christ.

So far she has driven a six-penny nail through her right foot only, but if this does not seem to bring sufficient grace she will inflict the other wounds. The day after she made the nail wound in her foot she walked to church to Los Angeles and back, a distance of twenty-six miles. She has no surgical aid to help her wounds in healing, though they have healed perfectly. She claims this is evidence that her acts of mutilation were done in obedience to divine command. The stumps of the fingers she chopped off have healed with a curious cross-shaped scar on the tips. She worships these marks of divine favor with as much ardor as she does the images that are in all parts of her house. She has one room of her little house fitted up with miniature altars, and figures of Christ, the Virgin, the Apostles and saints. She calls this her chapel. She takes one of the images each time she makes her long walk to church as companion on her pilgrimage.

Mrs. Falck does not speak English, although she has been in this country about twelve years. Some who know her attribute to her certain powers of divine healing. She disclaims all such power, and persists that her only reason for mutilating her body is to gain her full salvation.

She talks of her experience with great freedom to those who understand her language and seems to show a great deal of sincerity and sanity. To her husband and



HOLD THE PAPER PARALLEL TO THE LINE OF VISION AND THE LINES WILL STICK UP LIKE PINS.

neighbors, however, she is simply the insane fanatic which her acts would prove her to be, yet a commission with power to confine her to an asylum has refused to consider her crazy. She is still at liberty to chop off her remaining fingers or drive nails into herself at will, and she is satisfied she has worked out her eternal salvation.

HOLD THIS PARALLEL TO THE LINE OF VISION, SO THAT THE EYE SKIMS THE PAPER.

he thinks that he sees it as it really is. But in most cases he does not.

We are continually making mistakes with regard to the color, size and position of objects. The eye has often been compared to a photographic camera, the delicate nervous layer at the back, known as the re-